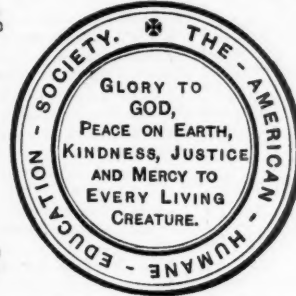


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

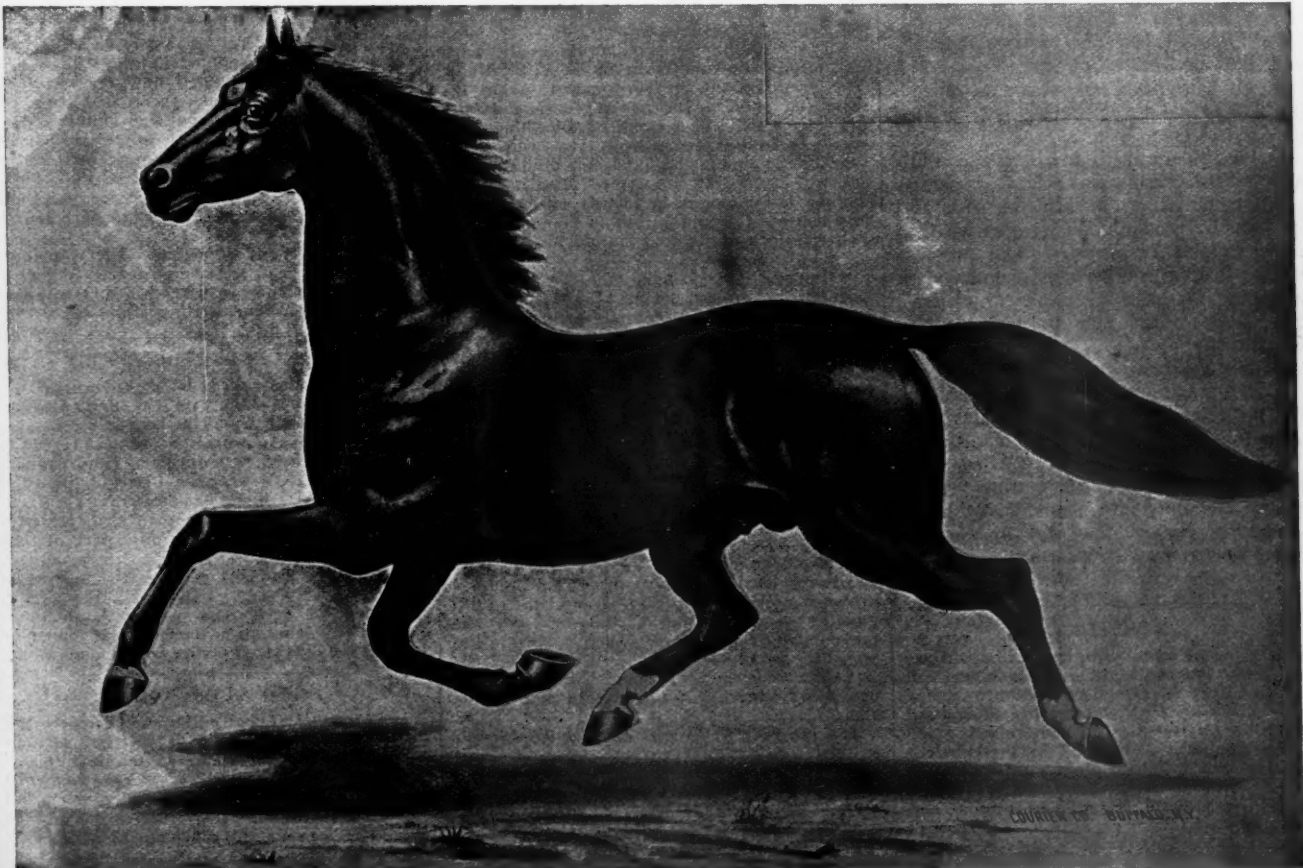
I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 23.

Boston, October, 1890.

No. 5.

*The Horse as the Almighty Made Him.
No Docking—No Check-Rein—No Blinders.*



We are indebted to "The Horse World," Buffalo, N. Y., for the above beautiful cut of the horse "Star Monarch."

WHAT THE ENGLISH PUBLISHER PAID MISS SEWELL FOR "BLACK BEAUTY."

A writer in "*The Animal World*," London, speaks of the pitiful sum of *twenty pounds* paid by its English publishers to Miss Sewell for this wonderful book, "*Black Beauty*," and how sad it is she cannot know the immense good it is now doing.

It is not impossible that the soul that was inspired to write this book may now be conscious of its influence.

The over 150,000 copies printed already by our "*American Humane Education Society*" are only the beginning of its circulation in America, and the many letters we have already received in regard to its translation into the various European languages, lead us to hope that it will be read eventually as widely in Europe and elsewhere.

We wish its English publisher, who paid *twenty pounds* for the book, and has already sold over 100,000 copies, would now, in the interests of humanity, permit it to be sold there, as here by us, *for the benefit of the masses*, at three pence, or six cents per copy.

Like the Bible, it should go to the poor as well as the rich.

No copyright should limit its circulation and usefulness.

OVER 150,000.

The success of "*Black Beauty*" in America cannot be better shown than that while it is only six months since our "*American Humane Education Society*" issued the book, we have already printed and printing *over one hundred and fifty thousand copies*.

We hope to be able to have it translated into both *German and French*. A kind lady has written us that she will contribute \$25 to aid us in having it translated into *Spanish*.

We have arranged to have an illustrated edition for Sunday schools issued by a Boston publisher, at his own risk and cost, which, though more expensive, will be very suitable for libraries. Our progress in these matters will be duly announced in succeeding issues of this paper, with prices, as soon as we are able to give definite information.

As only *the want of funds* limits our work in ascertaining, exposing, and endeavoring to remedy the great cruelties now practised in American transportation, slaughter-houses, and on the plains; so only *the want of funds* will limit our putting "*Black Beauty*," not only into almost every home in America, but also, so far as possible, into the homes of all civilized nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANCESTORS.

Take a pencil and multiply—twice two are four—twice four are eight—etc., and you will find that in the twentieth generation you had *one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six ancestors*, without counting the intermediate generations, and in the thirtieth generation you had *over a thousand millions of ancestors*, without counting those between yourself and the thirtieth. Every man, woman, and child in the world can claim to have descended from a great ancestry.

A FLOOD ON THE OHIO RIVER.

The little hamlet of V—— had suffered terribly by the flood. Somewhat removed from the main lines of travel, and consisting only of a dozen or more scattered cottages, it had been reached by no relief boats or other aid. All this, however, made it none the less hard for the farmers, whose resources were now at the lowest ebb.

On the particular Saturday evening some of the neighbors had collected at the post-office, and were gloomily discussing the prospects. One after another told his sad story of want and destitution. There were children at home crying for bread; sick people there were,—shivering, starving people. What should be done? Everybody for miles in either direction was nearly or quite as badly off as themselves. They separated and went to their several homes without a word of cheer.

The next day, Sunday, a few men and women met for prayers. "O God," they cried brokenly, "Thou who makest Thy angels spirits, and Thy ministers a flaming fire, send us help! send us help!"

Now it often turns out that God begins to answer our prayers before we offer them. So it was in this case. While that little knot of sufferers had been hopelessly discussing and dismissing one plan after another, the night before, Molly Bean had crept in, unseen by the rest, and, crouching behind a barrel, had listened intently to all that was said. Molly was not a prepossessing child. She had sandy hair, many freckles, and no eyebrows to speak of. She was barefoot, and her thin wrists came out far beyond the ragged sleeves of her dress. Her one beauty was in her eyes, which were of a soft reddish brown, like the deer's, and which shone like stars when a tear glistened in them, which happened this very night; for one of the helpless, wailing little babies referred to was in Molly's wretched home—was Molly's wee, wee brother.

As she listened she made up her mind. Without a word she crept out of the building, looked nervously over her shoulder with those big wild eyes of hers, then shot off into the darkness like a startled doe.

Sunday evening was a quiet one in the great city terminus of the Ohio & X. Y. Railroad. The president of the corporation sat in his comfortable office, his feet on the fender of a glowing grate, and a cloud of thin, blue cigar smoke encircling his head. It had been a good year for the road, and a handsome dividend was assured for the stockholders. The president felt so very contented over this reflection that he was almost dropping into an easy nap, when a sharp knock at the door started his eyes wide open.

"Come in!" he called.

A tall, brown-bearded man entered, leading what with some difficulty could be made out to be a little girl. The president glanced at her bare feet, which were covered with mud high above the ankles, and frowned. Then he met the appealing look in the little creature's brown eyes and relented.

"Well, Mr. Everton, what now? Who've you picked up?"

"Tell your story, my dear," said the tall man, kindly, to his small companion, drawing up a chair for her.

"Please, sir, I'm Molly Bean, and I've come from V—— ter git some milk fer Jinks and somethin' fer dad, and — and —" Molly swallowed hard and went on: "The water's drowned everything, please, sir, and the cow's gone an' — an' — nobody's come." Here she broke down in good earnest, and sobbed in her poor little thin hands.

"How did she get here?" inquired the president, uneasily, forgetting to puff at his cigar.

The tall man (who was the city missionary) pointed silently to her muddy feet, cut, and bruised as well, with her journey by night and day.

"You don't mean she walked all the way — forty-one miles!"

The other nodded. "I've given her some-

thing to eat and let her rest half an hour at the rooms. She would n't stay longer."

The president half turned and touched an ivory knob, while the cigar went out entirely. A man in brass buttons appeared at the office door, and waited respectfully.

"Has No. 5 Freight got in?"

"Due in five minutes, sir; telegraphed just outside the yard."

"Tell Andy not to draw his fire, but report to me at once as soon as he's in."

The man withdrew. A few moments later he reappeared with the engineer, covered with soot and oil. The result of the conference was that within an hour a locomotive was puffing slowly out of the freight yard, with no car attached, but having in its tender, besides a fresh supply of fuel and water, several large packages, evidently containing flour, milk, canned meats, and such other provisions as could be got together in so short a time. In the cab were four people—the engineer, the fireman, Mr. Everton, and a small freckle-faced girl with no eyebrows to speak of.

Once out upon the clear line, how that old engine did leap to her work! Flashing out great floods of light as the fireman piled her fire-box with shovelful after shovelful of coal, panting with huge gasps from her iron lungs, throbbing and quivering in every nerve, she roared on through the night, bearing her precious load to the weary and starving, who thought their Father in heaven had forgotten them. On and on, scattering storms of sparks on every side, calling out shrilly as she dashed past the small way-stations, until, with two sharp, exultant cries, "I've — come!" she slowed up at the depot nearest V——.

Before morning there was rejoicing in the little town by the river. The kind missionary stopped long enough to leave many a word of comfort and good cheer, and Molly looked at it all with her soft brown eyes, and wondered why everybody was so kind to her. "She was some tired," she admitted, "but what could she do? *Thar' was dad, and thar' was Jinks, an' —*" "There was God," said the missionary, smiling. — Willis Boyd Allen.

A GREAT CITY.

A man who had sued another for damages is reported to have said that he never knew how badly he had been treated until he heard his lawyer's argument.

Here in Boston we have been quietly resting in the belief that we had only about 450,000 population, but now it turns out that if we included *much less surrounding land* than Philadelphia or Chicago we should exceed both those cities, *have over a million population, and be the second city in America*.

We have often wondered why, with only 450,000, our streets are so crowded.

Now, when the census shows that we have over a million, the matter is plain.

THE QUESTION IS ASKED.

The question is asked, *Where is heaven?*

We answer, Go out on the first pleasant evening and look up at the heavenly constellations—millions of worlds, as we have reason to believe, far greater than our own—and you will feel that in God's universe there is plenty of room for every soul He has created.

Has not the Creator of human souls power to continue their duration in any part of His universe?

Is not the power that controls the universe a *wise one*?

Is it not on the whole a *good one*?

Have we not reason to believe that sooner or later in the ages exact justice will be done?

AGED CLERGYMEN.

It is a sad fact that while aged lawyers and doctors are receiving the largest fees of their lifetimes, aged clergymen are often neglected.

Possibly in the advance of *humane education* the time may come when aged clergymen will receive from *all* Christian churches the kind support, consideration, and care to which they are entitled.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both — either signed, or authorized to be signed — to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy. Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



A SCENE IN BLACK BEAUTY'S EARLY HOME.

HOW BLACK BEAUTY'S STORY BEGINS.

"The first place that I can well remember was a large, pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it.

(From "Forest and Stream.")

One of the tricks, remarks a veteran Adirondack hunter, is that played by men who take their wives into the woods. Every woman who goes into camp wants to kill a deer for the sake merely of being able to boast of it; and, strange to say, some men in whose hearts not one drop of true sporting blood flows, are willing to gratify them, even by the sacrifice of the commonest human instincts of justice. The woman who shoots a deer in the Adirondacks does it as an executioner would spring the trap of the scaffold upon which stands a man whose innocence of crime is acknowledged by the law. Every year women in these camping parties are allowed to shoot deer which have been captured alive and then hobbled in the woods. The deer cannot escape, and the women pop away at him until some chance bullet brings him down. Sometimes, I believe, the women do not know that the deer is tied fast to a tree, but if they had even common sense they would realize that a deer would run away if not tied fast.

[Need of humane education. — EDITOR.]

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

HORSES AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

An acquaintance of mine has just returned from her summer outing in the country, stopping with a relative on his farm in one of the fertile counties of Maryland, where an instance of "horse-sense" came under her observation. One bright afternoon, the pair of family horses were hitched to the carriage for a drive. From the time they were brought from the stable they showed signs of uneasiness, their restlessness increasing as the process of hitching-up went on; until, when all was ready to start, they actually refused to go. This was so unusual — they always having been gentle and easily managed, that the owner was led to remark upon their rebellious spirit on this particular occasion, and accordingly administered the whip, which was seldom if ever resorted to before. They reluctantly started. After travelling about two miles, one of those sudden and severe electric storms which have precipitated their fury upon parts of Maryland during July and August of this year, swooped down and drenched the party to the skin, spoiling what might otherwise have been a pleasant jaunt. The owner wisely concluded that his animals knew more about the weather than he, and now admires his favorites even more than he did before.

Lewiston, Pa.

G. R. FRYINGER.

"Every man who makes a will that does not please the heirs is, of course, crazy."

— Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

GOOD STORY.

FUNNY STORY OF PHILLIPS BROOKS AND OTHERS.

I recalled the incident a few days ago, says a writer in the *New York World*, as I sat in Trinity listening to Phillips Brooks' noontime talks. It happened in the spring of 1883. The four of us had gone to Europe together — Dr. McVickar, of Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks, and Mr. Robinson, the builder of Boston's Trinity Church. Robinson stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, Dr. McVickar measures 6 feet 4 inches, and Brooks exceeds 6 feet in height. Robinson is sensitive about his length, and suggested that in order to avoid comment the three tall men avoid being seen together. Arriving in England, they went direct to Leeds, where they learned that a lecturer would address the working classes on "America and Americans." Anxious to hear what Englishmen thought of the great Republic, they went to the hall. They entered separately, and took seats apart. The lecturer, after some uninteresting remarks, said that Americans were, as a rule, short, and seldom if ever rose to the height of five feet ten inches. He did not know to what cause he could attribute this fact, but he wished he could present examples to the audience.

Phillips Brooks rose to his feet and said: "I am an American, and, as you see, about six feet in height, and sincerely hope that if there be any other representative of my country present he will rise."

After a moment's interval, Mr. Robinson rose and said: "I am from America, in which country my height — six feet two — is the subject of no remark. If there be any other American here, I hope that he will rise."

The house was in a jolly humor. Waiting until the excitement could abate in some degree, and the lecturer regain control of his shattered nerves, Dr. McVickar slowly drew his majestic form to its full height, and exclaimed: "I am an ——" But he got no further. The audience roared, and the lecturer said no more on that subject.

The action of woman on our destiny is unceasing. — Beaconsfield.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1890.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *one hundred and ninety-seven new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *eight thousand four hundred and forty-nine*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper each month to *all the editors of America, north of Mexico*.

AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

We are notified that the annual meeting of this "Association," which consists of delegates from such societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and prevention of cruelty to animals as annually send them, will be held at Nashville, Tenn., beginning Oct. 22. For circular giving full particulars, please write Erastus Burnham, Secretary, 310 Elm Street, Cincinnati, or Edwin Lee Brown, President, corner of Jackson and Clinton Streets, Chicago.

OHIO.

We have from Erastus Burnham, secretary of the "*Ohio Humane Society*," his interesting annual report. Receipts of the year, \$4903.25; expenses, \$4885.55. Efforts are to be made to establish a permanent fund. We are much indebted to Mr. Burnham for his supervision of the construction, etc., of our Mass. Society's ambulance.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL
ASSOCIATION.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF
THE UNITED STATES.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 8, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.,
President American Humane Education
Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Dear Sir, — On my return home I found your letter and the bound volumes of *Dumb Animals* and "*Black Beauty*."

I thank you very cordially. I had previously read "*Black Beauty*," and had handed it over to my children to read. I need not add that I read it with deep interest. I wish you and your Society "*God speed*" in your noble work. *Your literature cannot fail to produce good results. I shall do all in my power to aid in placing it in the hands of young people.*

Very truly yours,

W. R. GARRETT,
President National Educational Association.

ADDRESSES TO THE BOSTON
PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE
WINTER OF 1885-6.

In the winter of 1885-6, as many of our readers know, I had the pleasure, during *sixty-one days*, of addressing the large *Normal, Latin, High, and Grammar schools* of Boston, one hour each.

At the close I had the substance of the address to the *Grammar schools* written out for preservation.

I am now receiving invitations to address youth and children in different parts of the country, which I cannot accept.

My address to the National Convention of "*The Women's Christian Temperance Union*," at Nashville, Tennessee, November, 1887, of which about two hundred thousand copies have been distributed, is not suitable for schools, and so I have been induced to have, and am now having, the address to the Boston schools put in type, for use in schools elsewhere. It will appear in November "*Our Dumb Animals*."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Humane Education in New
York City and elsewhere.

[This letter is written in answer to one received from a prominent New York lady.]

DEAR MADAM:

In answer to your favor asking my views in regard to whether it would be wise to form a "*Ladies' Humane Education Society*" in New York City, and what such a society could do, etc., etc., I am happy to say that in my judgment such a society would do a vast deal of good.

Let some of your influential ladies meet in the private parlors of one of them, and organize; then let them invite others to join; then let them determine that so far as lies in their power they will promote humane education in the schools and homes of your city.

They may enlist your clergymen to preach about it, your teachers to teach it, your daily and weekly papers to encourage it.

By unanimous vote of our Boston School Committee, it was my privilege at one time to address our sixty-one great public schools, one hour each, on this important subject.

By similar vote it was my privilege at another time to distribute in those schools about sixty thousand copies of humane publications.

By similar vote at another time it was my privilege to distribute copies of our monthly paper to every pupil in our grammar schools, and on a given day to have every pupil write a composition on one of the subjects found in the papers so distributed.

These things may be done just as well in New York as Boston.

That wonderful book, "*Black Beauty*," which has already reached a circulation of more than one hundred thousand in England, and between one and two hundred thousand in America, and which teaches not only kindness to animals, but *peace, temperance, observance of the Sabbath, honesty, fidelity, and mercy in all the relations of life*, has been adopted as supplementary reading in all our Boston grammar schools.

Why not as well in the grammar schools of your city?

Our Boston teachers are supplied with our humane monthly publication each month — so are our policemen — so are a large part of our Boston drivers — so are all our Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy through the whole State — so are all our editors.

These things may be done just as well in New York as in Boston.

In 1869 and '70 I had the pleasure of presenting to the Baroness Burdett Coutts and others in London, the importance of an organization to carry humane education throughout Great Britain.

From that presentation came "*The Ladies' Humane Educational Committee*," of which the

Baroness has ever since been president, and which has done a wonderful work in that country, sending out at the start an appeal to some seventy-five thousand teachers; giving prizes for compositions to thousands of school pupils; and encouraging "*Bands of Mercy*," which have been formed in that country in large numbers, and to the number of over *eight thousand branches, with probably over half a million members, in America*.

It would require a very long letter to tell the various good things you may be able to do, for, as in the case of "*The King's Daughters*," the field is almost boundless.

But you may ask, Is the object of all this simply the protection of dumb animals from cruelty? By no means.

The human and the animal creations are so linked that *you cannot have cruelty to one without cruelty to the other; and you cannot teach mercy to the one without at the same time teaching it to the other*.

Whoever carefully investigates the subject will learn that the world's educators have never been able to find — and probably never will be — a more effective way of making cruel children more merciful, than by teaching them to take daily pleasure in doing kind acts and saying kind words to the dumb creatures by which they are constantly surrounded.

Millions of children are taught cruelty by the stories they read, and the whips, swords, and guns put into their hands in childhood.

In millions of homes kind words are seldom spoken, and kind acts seldom seen; and the children grow up like their fathers — and sometimes their mothers — cruel to all that come under their power, whether human or dumb.

From these teachings come wars, riots, murders, and incendiary fires, as well as brutal sports and cruelty to the lower animals.

No better way has ever been discovered of offsetting these than by teaching the children of the whole nation — rich as well as poor — to make themselves happier by daily kind acts and kind words to those that always return gratitude for kindness, and love for love.

"*Black Beauty*," through the influence of our "*American Humane Education Society*," is now being sent into thousands of homes where probably no other missionary ever went to preach and teach what is inscribed on our seal, and found on the first page of that book: "*Glory to God; "Peace on Earth; "Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every living creature."*

The object of humane education is to strike at the roots of every form of cruelty; to substitute ballots for bullets; and to establish on this great continent a peace-loving, law-abiding people, kind to each other, and kind to all the dumb creatures that depend on their mercy.

With kind wishes, very respectfully,
GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR FIRST MISSIONARY.

Mr. Charles S. Hubbard, the first missionary of our "*American Humane Education Society*," has, during the first year of his work, formed in *Western States twenty-eight "Humane Societies"* and nearly one thousand "*Bands of Mercy*," and has given a large number of addresses in churches, halls, reform schools, prisons, orphans' homes, and to farmers' conventions and teachers' institutes.

He is a worthy member of the Society of "*Friends*" (or Quakers), as are also the other two missionaries whom we have employed a part of the time.

As we get the means we propose to put more in the field, and wish we were able to supply every State and Territory.

Our "*American Humane Education Society*," in its first year, has done a great work in the distribution of humane literature, including over a hundred thousand copies of "*Black Beauty*," and in the employment of the three missionaries above referred to.

If you, kind readers, want to see this work grow in your lifetimes, send us money to help it.

If you want it to grow after you have passed away, remember "*The American Humane Education Society*" in your wills.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BLACK BEAUTY.

At last accounts 103,000 copies of "Black Beauty" had been sold in London, England.

We have, up to October, printed 156,000 copies here, and expect to print more than a million.

It is a book of 260 beautifully printed pages.

We print in three editions, namely:—

(1) Bound in "Boards," costing (12) cents at our offices and (20) cents sent by mail.

(2) Bound in "Terra Cotta" paper, costing (12) cents at our offices and (20) cents sent by mail.

(3) "Half Price" edition, bound in "Old Gold" paper, costing (6) cents at our offices and (10) cents sent by mail.

The first two editions sell at bookstores and news-stands at (25) cents a copy, and the "Half Price" edition at (15) cents a copy.

The cost of sending several hundreds by express or fast freight averages from half a cent to a cent a copy.

Following the example of Mrs. Wm. Appleton, of Boston, gentlemen and ladies in different parts of the country have bought many thousands to be given to drivers, children, and others, in their respective cities and towns.

Children in various parts of the country have been doing good and making lots of money by buying and selling at above prices.

Large numbers have already been put in public schools and Sunday schools.

Address Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk St., Boston.

The School Committee of Boston, by unanimous vote on June 24th, adopted "Black Beauty" as supplementary reading in all the Boston Grammar Schools.

\$500 IN PRIZES TO AMERICAN EDITORS, REPORTERS, AND OTHERS.

Cattle Transportation, Slaughtering, and Cruelty to Cattle on the Plains.

Our "American Humane Education Society," as our readers know, sends this paper every month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we have reason to believe that no paper in America is more widely read by editors, their wives and children, than this.

We wish to obtain from different sources, widely apart, full and reliable statements of the cruelties to animals now practised on American railroads, in American slaughter-houses, and on our Western plains, and we know of no class more competent to give us this information than American editors and reporters.

(1) For the above purpose, I hereby offer, in behalf of "The American Humane Education Society," to American editors and reporters, one prize of fifty dollars, and five prizes of ten dollars each, for the six letters which shall contain the most valuable information in regard to the cruelties inflicted upon animals on our American railroads.

(2) Also, one prize of fifty dollars, and five prizes of ten dollars each, for the six letters which shall contain the most valuable information in regard to the cruelties practised on animals in our American slaughter-houses.

(3) Also, one prize of fifty dollars, and five prizes of ten dollars each, for the six letters which shall contain the most valuable information in regard to cruelties practised upon animals on our Western plains.

(4) Also, to all American writers, whether editors, reporters, or otherwise, a prize of one hundred dollars, and four prizes of twenty-five dollars each, for the most valuable essays in regard to the effect of cruelties to animals on public health.

All the above letters and essays will be submitted to committees of, or approved by, our Massachusetts State Board of Health.

The \$100, \$50, and \$25 prizes are offered on condition that the letters and essays are deemed by the committee worthy of publication.

The \$10 prizes will be paid unconditionally.

All letters and essays receiving the above

"FATHER JOE."

Gliding 'mid the poor and lowly,
With his voice so sad and low,
On a mission pure and holy
Goes, contented, Father Joe.
When the sunbeams gild the river,
When the clouds are black with rain,
Sits he by the couch of fever—
By the sinner's bed of pain.

Though the life ebbs fast and faster,
Though the Reaper, Death, is nigh,
Still he whispers of his Master
Ever watching in the sky;
And the crown that waits in heaven
When repentance comes not late,
And the sinner stands forgiven
At God's bright, eternal gate.

I have listened to him preaching
Till his winning voice would fail;
Still good lessons he was teaching
Though his cheek was sad and pale.
"God shall raise the meek in spirit,
And the haughty shall bring low;
Thus the poor rich joys inherit"
Preaches loving Father Joe.

I have met him, tired, returning
Through the mud-bedraggled street;
I have met him in the morning
When the thick snow clogged his feet.
And God grant that where the fountains
Of his mercy ever flow,
Far beyond the distant mountains,
I may meet with Father Joe.

— The "Angelus."



"ROVER."

From "DOG STORIES AND DOG LORE," Edited by COL. THOMAS W. KNOX. Copyright by O. M. DUNHAM.

(Used by kind permission of Cassell & Co., New York City.)

prizes are to be the property of "The American Humane Education Society," and if they prove as valuable as it is hoped, will be given, in part or whole, an immense publication.

The letters must be signed with the real names and post-office addresses of writers.

The essays must be signed with fictitious names, and contain in accompanying sealed envelopes the real names and post-office addresses of the writers, which envelopes will not be opened until the committee have made their awards.

All unsuccessful essays and letters will be returned to writers on receipt of postage stamps and request for their return.

All essays and letters must be received by me on or before January 1st, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

VIVISECTION, \$500.

For the purpose of obtaining light on this important subject, which shall lead to reasonable, practical, and humane action, I do, in behalf of "The American Humane Education Society," hereby offer two prizes of two hundred and fifty dollars each, for best essays on this question.

Namely: In the interests of humanity should vivisection be permitted, and if so, under what restrictions and limitations?

One prize of \$250 for the best essay advocating it, the other of \$250 for the best essay opposing it.

The Professors of Harvard University Medical School, or a Committee approved by them, to decide on the merits of the first; and the Philadelphia Anti-Vivisection Society, or a Committee approved by them, to decide on the merits of the second.

Those who have not already seen in past numbers of this paper full particulars, can obtain them by writing

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

EXTRACT FROM ST. LOUIS LETTER.

"While, no doubt, no encouragement on our part is necessary, it would, perhaps, be gratifying to you to know in how many happy homes here people bless your efforts and wish you success and happiness."

INTERESTING LETTER FROM ONE OF THE BEST WOMEN IN NEW ENGLAND.

Sept. 4, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President American Humane Education Society:

Dear Sir,—Can you aid the cause of humanity in this village by sending us some reading matter which will help educate the people.

The children are growing up thoughtless and cruel, although they attend the Sunday schools of the place. The trouble here is the same as in a hundred thousand other places: the attention of the men, women, and children has not been called to the important subject of their duties to the lower animals. You have wisely said in one of your papers, "A thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by kind words and humane education, for every one that can be prevented by prosecution." That wonderful combination of mercy, love, and kindness, "Black Beauty," with your humane leaflets, and fascinating monthly, "Our Dumb Animals," if widely distributed, will do untold good in the line of education and prevention. I hope you will secure a million dollars for your work. The American Humane Education Society will prove an incalculable blessing wherever its beneficent influence shall be felt.

Very sincerely,

W. O. S.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

TO MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL:

My dear Sir,—Will you kindly send me six copies of "Black Beauty," or as many as the enclosed amount will cover. I have just read the book, and am delighted with it.

Can you tell me whether the book has been translated into Italian or French?

What good might be done in Rome by its distribution gratis among the cabdrivers and carters, whose cruelty to their horses is something dreadful to witness!

In twenty years' residence there I have seen the poor beasts tortured and tormented to an extent that renders life almost as great a misery to the spectator as to the creatures themselves. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals does what it can, but it is very little. The queen sets a good example by scarcely using the check-rein at all, and whenever she stops anywhere the footman lets down the rein, loose as it is. The queen would be delighted with this book, "Black Beauty," and I hope to bring it to her knowledge when I return to Italy in November.

It certainly ought to be given to the public-school children in Rome, that they may learn to have more consideration for animals.

I remain, dear Sir, very truly yours,
E. DE CORTAZZO, née HUIDEKOPER.

PAYING A DOLLAR A COPY.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I enclose \$50, and shall be glad if you will send me fifty copies of "Black Beauty."

Yours sincerely,

Sept. 2, 1890.

E. A. BEEBE.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

MAKE IT PERSONAL.

If any of our correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

I have by this morning's mail nearly seventy letters requiring answers, and sixty-three magazines, newspapers, reports, etc., from this and other countries, and one book of 355 pages to be carefully examined.

Some days I have over a hundred letters, and a much larger number of magazines, newspapers, etc.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The Most Important Peace Society of the World.

Recognizing the power of the various Peace Societies of America and Europe, we still ask good men and women who read these words whether they can suggest anything more important for the promotion of peace on earth than the work of our "American Humane Education Society," with its thousands of "Bands of Mercy," soon, we hope, to become tens of thousands and then hundreds of thousands, with millions of members.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A Million Copies of "Black Beauty."

We could give away a million copies of "Black Beauty" to the poorer white and colored people who deal with mules and horses in the Southern States alone, if we had the means to do it, and they would be read with interest and do a world of good.

From all parts of the country we are getting letters telling of the good results already seen from its circulation, and expressing the wish of the writers that they had more means to distribute it.

We could fill this whole paper with such letters.

And the need is, perhaps, quite as great in thousands of cities and towns further North and West.

And then, it is needed in Mexico, in Central America, and all over South America.

In fact, it ought to be translated into the languages of all nations.

As a good Bishop remarked to us some time since, it teaches, not only kindness to dumb animals, but peace, temperance, honesty, fidelity, observance of the Sabbath, and pretty much all the virtues which go to make good citizens.

Through its fascinating pages, millions who never enter a church or Sunday school may be made better and more merciful in their own families and in the communities where they live.

What a blessing to the dumb races in Mexico and Central America this book might be, if translated into the Spanish language and widely circulated in those countries.

What a blessing to the dumb races in Italy it might be if properly translated into Italian and circulated there.

We have plenty of good plans for spreading the gospel of humanity (which is the gospel of true Christianity) around the world, in ways which would enlist the good men and women of all nations and of all forms of religious and political belief — if we only had a gold mine.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Why do you Give Away?

Why do you give away so many of your humane publications?

We answer: For the same reasons that led to the formation of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and the printing of two hundred thousand copies of the first number of this paper — the first of its kind in the world.

For the same reasons that led to the formation of "The American Humane Education Society" — incorporated to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation — the first of its kind in the world.

For the same reasons that led us more than twenty years ago to determine to give up our profession and devote our time and money to humane work.

Namely, because (1) the more widely we distribute our humane information and literature the more good we shall do.

And (2) because the more good we do the more money we shall get to do more good with.

And so we send this paper monthly to every clergyman — Protestant and Roman Catholic — in the State — every lawyer in the State — every doctor in the State — and to every editor in America north of Mexico.

And so our work is growing with wonderful rapidity over the whole country.

We hope the time may come when not only will our Massachusetts Society send this paper into almost every home in Massachusetts, but our "American Humane Education Society" will send it into millions of homes all over this American continent.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Why do you Urge Gifts to "The American Humane Education Society"?

Why do you urge gifts to the "American Humane Education Society," just now, more than to the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"?

Because (1st) the last-named Society is so firmly established in this Commonwealth, and has the active sympathy of so many thousands of our citizens, that if every dollar in its treasury were lost, other dollars would flow in, and the good work go on.

Because, (2d) while there is much to be done in Massachusetts for the increased protection of the lower races, there is more in other parts of this country and all over this continent.

Money given to either will be most welcome, and so far as lies in the power of the undersigned be faithfully used.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Why do you Like to Publish?

Why do you like to publish the names of those who send contributions to your humane work?

(1) Because we think that good acts should have as wide publication as bad ones.

(2) Because we think, when the records of crime — and dime novels — and travelling shows representing the valiant deeds of such robbers and murderers as the James brothers, are doing their best to ruin our American youth, it is high time that Christian men and women and good citizens should do their best to spread the names and fame of the doers of all noble, generous, and merciful deeds, and that for the public interest, if there were no higher motive, the American press should aid them.

Would it be a wise rule in our schools that no good act should ever be praised or the name of the doer known?

If we could have our way, many columns of our newspapers should be filled with deeds of generosity, mercy, and true heroism and the names of their doers, — and the records of crime should be seldom or never published, except to warn the public against their repetition.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ADDRESSES.

To numerous invitations to give addresses we are compelled to say we are too busy. We can do much wider work with pen than voice.

JUDGES AND LAWMAKERS.

When "Black Beauty" was first published by our "American Humane Education Society" we sent copies to every member of our Massachusetts Legislature, and recently we have sent them to every judge and trial justice in the State. We would respectfully suggest to all societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the country, whether it would not be a good thing for horses, to do in their respective States what we have done in Massachusetts.

FATHER O'REILLY.

In a letter just received from Keokuk, Iowa, we find the following: —

"The Catholic priest here, Father O'Reilly, told me he heard you lecture sixteen years ago at Cape Ann, Mass., and the impression you made on his mind has always been with him; and now, in Keokuk, Iowa, he is trying to carry out your teachings."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto thee after many days."

EXTRACT FROM NORTH ADAMS (MASS.) LETTER.

"Black Beauty" is taking the blinders and check-reins from many horses in this vicinity. Please find enclosed amount to send a copy to each of the following persons, and oblige,
W. H. SPERRY & Co.

CHICAGO.

In a letter received a few days since, we read the following: —

"I stopped an expressman who had a starved-looking horse, and asked him if he would read 'Black Beauty' and lend it to his friends. He promised he would, and I sent him a copy. A few days after, on a hot day, I was passing his stand, and saw that he had a cabbage-leaf over his horse's head to protect it from the sun, while he was sitting on the sidewalk, reading 'Black Beauty.' I wish I could afford to give a copy to every expressman in Chicago."

"The Humane Society here do a great deal of good, but say they are poor."

[Some mistake about the above, for among the directors of the Chicago Humane Society are several very wealthy men, either of whom could give a copy of "Black Beauty" to every driver in the city and never know the difference. — EDITOR.]

HYDROPHOBIA.

Most of the so-called cases of hydrophobia are merely meningitis. It is the doctors, not the disease, that kill persons bitten by dogs.

There were about 7,000 cases of hydrophobia in France in three years, while there were scarcely any across the river in Germany. And France is the land of the famous Pasteur. — Dr. Charles W. Dulles, Philadelphia.

DR. J. F. PERRY IN "BOSTON HERALD."

"Now as to the danger of acquiring hydrophobia. The writer repeats what he once stated in these columns, that the chances of a person giving up his life on the scaffold are about as many as those of his dying from hydrophobia. No sensible person will ever make himself unhappy over so slight a danger. The hydrophobia crank will find some consolation in a small stick of caustic, which he can buy in a wooden holder, securely capped, for about twenty-five cents. Let him carry this in his pocket with his preventive for rheumatism, the horse-chestnut, and burn all bites to which he is the victim. He cannot do himself any harm with it, and, if he uses it freely enough, it will prove a rare diversion — at least while it is 'taking hold well,' — and he will have something else to think about beside hydrophobia."

The sting of a bee always carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver almost instantly.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle-wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not enough for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.
LONGFELLOW.

THE DOCTORS.

"Dear," said a physician's wife as
they sat in church, "there is Mrs. G—
sitting in a draft." "Never mind," said
her husband, "I shall cash that draft."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RAVENS AND HAWKES.

(Washington Post.)

North Carolina probably never produced an
abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes,
who a quarter of a century ago was pastor of
Grace Episcopal Church, New York. Short,
thickset, swarthy, black eyed and black haired,
he was a striking personage. He was not only
a great pulpit orator, but considered the best
reader in the New York episcopacy. His rather
luxurious family deterred him from accepting a
bishopric, which would have otherwise been
tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo
church waited upon him and invited him to
accept a pastorate in that city.

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satis-
factory, the question of acceptance narrows
down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes.
"What salary do you offer?"

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, "we
recognize that you have a high reputation, and
are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has
received \$2500, but on account of your standing
we have decided to offer you \$3500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, "do you
know what salary I am receiving here?"

"No, sir."

"I get \$15,000 and this parsonage; and as I
have an expensive family I do not see my way
clear to accept your offer."

The spokesman looked rather sheepish, but
made another essay.

"If we had known that fact, sir, we would
undoubtedly have looked elsewhere; but you
should remember that the work of the Lord
must be done; and as for providing for your
family, you know the story of Elijah and the
ravens."

"Now, my friends," responded the clergyman
quizzingly, "I have made the Bible my study
ever since I was twenty-eight. I have read it
through carefully and prayerfully over a hun-
dred times. I remember the raven incident
perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference
to the Lord's providing for young Hawkes."

"Board wanted" was what the young lady said when she
came to a mud puddle.



"A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST."

Published by kind permission of the "Rural New Yorker," New York City.

DID IT SERVE HER RIGHT?

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN DRIVEN TO FLIGHT BY
JUVENILE INQUISITIVENESS.

Her hat was a regular stunner and no mistake.
It looked something like a miniature tropical
garden, but nature never produced anything
half so gorgeous. A couple of artificial butter-
flies, whose wings presented a dazzling assort-
ment of colors, were poised upon invisible wires
over two imitation orchids. They were obvi-
ously designed to supply the crowning touch of
realism. When she entered the "L" car she
knew that that hat would create a sensation.
There were plenty of vacant seats around, but
she walked nearly the whole length of the car
before taking one, and when she sat down it
was with the proud consciousness that all eyes
were fixed upon her—or rather upon her hat.

But nobody stared at that hat half as hard as
a bright, chubby little youngster, who was sit-
ting alongside of his mother, right opposite the
owner of the triumph of millinery.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed the little
fellow gleefully, "I see two butterflies on that
lady's hat."

"Hush, hush, Willie," said the mother;
"you mustn't make remarks."

But Willie was at that age when the mind
refuses to be satisfied with dogmatic assertions,
and demands reasons.

"Why must I hush? Will the butterflies
hear me and fly away?"

The people in Willie's immediate vicinity
began to snicker, and the proprietor of the hat
began to look uncomfortable.

"Willie, you must be quiet," said the mother;
and then, with the view of allaying his curios-
ity, she added, "The butterflies ain't alive."

"Did she stick pins through them and kill
them?"

"Hush—no; they are made-up butterflies."
Willie meditated upon this for a minute, and
then, to the intense delight of everybody within
earshot, excepting, of course, his mother and
the proprietor of the wondrous hat, he broke
out afresh.

"Did you ever see any live butterflies like
those butterflies, mamma? I never did."

"Do be quiet; don't ask foolish questions."

But Willie was not to be suppressed in that
fashion.

"Mamma, why is it that other ladies don't
put butterflies in their hats?"

"I don't know. Do be quiet."

"Mamma, if you put butterflies on your hat,
would you put butterflies on your hat like that?"

By this time the snicker had developed into
an audible titter, and threatened to become a
downright laugh soon.

The conductor suddenly opened the door
and shouted out something that sounded like
"Drenthenth Street!"

Whatever the street might be, it seemed sud-
denly to occur to the proprietor of the hat that
it was the street she wanted, and she rushed
precipitately out of the car, her undignified exit
contrasting strangely with her stately entrance
a few minutes before.

And what do you think I overheard the
woman who sat next to me say?—

"It just serves her right!"

Why it served her right I don't pretend to
know.—New York Herald.

A WHITE DOVE IN CHURCH.

A Newton, Mass., young lady saw a peculiar
feature in a church in a Maine town which she
visited this summer. Hearing the cooing of a
dove, she looked around and saw a white dove
perched on the organ and listening to the music
with great appreciation. She learned afterward
that the dove had been a regular attendant at
church for eight or ten years, being attracted by
the music, of which it was very fond. It was
twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who
lived near. After church the dove was taken to
his Sunday-school class by a boy, and seemed to
enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-
goers, the weather made no difference to the
dove, but every Sunday, summer and winter, he
was at his post on the organ.—Newton Graphic.

THEY GIVE US PLEASURE.

Not only uncounted kind notices of the Press,
in praise of "Black Beauty," but numerous
private letters,—and many from friends we had
never known,—are coming to our table, full of
enthusiasm for the book and thanks for its
American publication.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE "CHICAGO TIMES" ON HORSE-
RACING.

We find the following in the "New York Tribune," quoted from the "Chicago Times": Wherever boiled dog is regarded as a luxury, clean shirts an abomination, and scalping a more respectable occupation than agriculture, there the horse-race will be found established as the highest enjoyment. The English retain much of the savagery of their ancestry. They are substantially the same people, save some snobbish American imitators, who indulge in the cowardly sport of a fox-hunt; and it is these people, still semi-savage in these particulars, from whom we are forming the fashion of horse-racing and steeple-chasing. In a moral sense, the race-horse is no more nor less than a rou-

lette wheel, a faro deck of cards, or any other of the appliances employed in gaming. The chief patrons of horse-racing are professional gamblers, as it is to them simply a variation in the kind. When to the barbarism of the race is added a cruelty that shocks the sensibilities of humane people, the atrocities connected with the hurdle contests, the practice should be suppressed summarily as are other gross offences.—Chicago Times.

DID N'T WANT TO KNOW HIM.

A lady called at one of our banks and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller, he said very politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check."

Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said freezingly: "But I do not wish to know you, sir!"—Richmond Dispatch.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- | | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|--|
| 8254 Nittany, Pa.
Junction S. S. Band.
P., Mrs. Jane Tolbert. | 8290 Norway, Me.
Pennesseewassee Lake Bd.
P., Annie M. Richardson. | 8329 Tulip Band.
P., Mrs. Lehman. | 8368 Lincoln Band.
P., Mrs. Dr. Niman. | 8406 Elkhart, Ind.
No. 2 Band. |
| 8255 Martinsville, Ind.
Christian S. S.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Hattie Scout. | 8291 Goshen, Ind.
Presbyterian S. S.
Lily Band.
P., Maggie McGriffin. | 8330 Violet Band.
P., Mrs. Garvin. | 8369 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Lillian Palmer. | 8407 Lawrenceville, Ga.
Sweet Grass Band.
P., Rev. V. C. Sismore. |
| 8256 Lily Band.
P., Annie Tilford. | 8292 Rose Band.
P., Emma Cregin. | 8331 Christian S. S.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Merrill. | 8370 Garfield Band.
P., Mrs. J. M. Hughes. | 8408 Berlin, Wis.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. S. W. Richardson. |
| 8257 Rose Band.
P., Chas. Seaton. | 8293 Tulip Band.
P., Lizzie Gertnor. | 8332 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Lipsett. | 8371 Longfellow Band.
P., Mrs. M. C. Stephens. | 8409 Beaver Dam, Wis.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Rev. Mrs. Bell. |
| 8258 Tulip Band.
P., W. A. Cure. | 8294 Violet Band.
P., Miss Fuller. | 8333 Never Fail Band.
P., Mrs. Burns. | 8372 Whittier Band.
P., Charlotte Mann. | 8410 Keokuk, Iowa.
Public Schools.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Fannie Martin. |
| 8259 Violet Band.
P., Bertha Simpson. | 8295 Verbena Band.
P., Effie Whitmore. | 8334 Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Alford. | 8373 Holland Band.
P., Eliza Thompson. | 8411 Canary Band.
P., Etta Repps. |
| 8260 Garfield Band.
P., A. M. Cunningham. | 8296 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. B. G. Cray. | 8335 Episcopal S. S.
Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Henkel. | 8374 Rose Band.
P., Father Kroeger. | 8412 Robin Band.
Etta McCormack. |
| 8261 Redbird Band.
P., Fannie Clark. | 8297 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Hascall. | 8336 Lily Band.
P., Miss Perkins. | 8375 Lily Band.
Sister Seraphim. | 8413 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. Agnes Hammond. |
| 8262 Robin Band.
P., Mary Clapper. | 8298 Golden Rod Band.
P., Mrs. H. L. Vanneys. | 8337 Mission S. S.
Robin Band.
P., Mrs. E. Walker. | 8376 Evangelical S. S.
Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Hart. | 8414 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Miss Favard. |
| 8263 Whittier Band.
P., Kate Farr. | 8299 Bluebell Band.
P., Mrs. G. D. Hawks. | 8338 Canary Band.
P., Mrs. E. Wilson. | 8377 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., J. J. Warrich. | 8415 Sunshine Band.
P., Nettie Martin. |
| 8264 Longfellow Band.
P., Lu Musgrave. | 8300 Snowball Band.
P., Mrs. W. H. Sims. | 8339 Bluebird Band.
P., Mrs. Sims. | 8378 Golden Rule Band.
P., F. Gardener. | 8416 Lincoln Band.
P., Elma Sweeney. |
| 8265 Presbyterian S. S.
Rosebud Band.
P., Mary Morgan. | 8301 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Mame Bivins. | 8340 Redbird Band.
P., Mrs. Carpenter. | 8379 Sunbeam Band.
P., Florence Hall. | 8417 Longfellow Band.
P., Huldah Harshman. |
| 8266 Pansy Band.
P., Cora Brandon. | 8302 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Mrs. Wm. Lewis. | 8341 Elkhart, Ind.
Methodist S. S.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Mrs. B. F. Stephens. | 8380 Hope Band.
P., Lydia Miller. | 8418 Whittier Band.
P., Huldah Harshman. |
| 8267 Star Band.
P., Ella Cross. | 8303 Methodist S. S.
Robin Band.
P., Nellie Barker. | 8342 Star Band.
P., Lena Parker. | 8381 Sunshine Band.
P., Mary Ream. | 8419 George Washington Band.
P., Florence Daniel. |
| 8268 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Litten. | 8304 Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Burs. | 8343 Hope Band.
P., Miss Winegarden. | 8382 Rosebud Band.
P., S. Stutsman. | 8420 Lily Band.
P., Miss Dunlap. |
| 8269 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Carmichael. | 8305 Redbird Band.
P., Miss Galentine. | 8344 Sunshine Band.
P., Allie Parker. | 8383 Morning Glory Band.
P., Susie Miller. | 8421 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Dewel. |
| 8270 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Edna Sloan. | 8306 Canary Band.
P., Miss Myres. | 8345 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Mary Beck. | 8384 Pansy Band.
P., Mattie Hall. | 8422 Pansy Band No. 2.
P., Mrs. McBride. |
| 8271 Methodist S. S.
Pink Band.
P., Mrs. Newby. | 8307 Humming-bird Band.
P., Miss Rich. | 8346 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Nellie Sneath. | 8385 Violet Band.
P., Ruth Hart. | 8423 Rosebud Band.
P., Maude C. Unger. |
| 8272 Canary Band.
P., C. C. Harvey. | 8308 Snowbird Band.
P., Miss Cunningham. | 8347 Never Fail Band.
P., Madge Wilson. | 8386 Tulip Band.
P., Will Brussman. | 8424 Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Gage. |
| 8273 Bluebird Band.
P., W. H. Miller. | 8309 Golden Rule Band.
P., Ina Kronk. | 8348 Willing Workers Band.
P., Jennie Root. | 8387 Bluebell Band.
P., Bell McJoy. | 8425 Keokuk Band.
P., M. E. Shutz. |
| 8274 Thrush Band.
P., Mrs. Tonor. | 8310 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Hawks. | 8349 Golden Rule Band.
P., Harvey Shelby. | 8388 Golden Rod Band.
P., Sam'l Fishman. | 8426 Pansy Band No. 3.
P., Mrs. C. A. Sheldon. |
| 8275 Golden Rod Band.
P., Mabel Shirley. | 8311 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Miller. | 8350 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mrs. Eva Case. | 8389 Buttercup Band.
P., Edna Shafer. | 8427 Lily Band No. 2.
P., Ida M. Scholter. |
| 8276 Verbena Band.
P., Nettie Taylor. | 8312 Hope Band.
P., Miss Bartlemay. | 8351 Longfellow Band.
P., Mrs. Jennie Gilbert. | 8390 Evangelical Lutheran S. S.
Pansy Band.
P., R. Stutsman. | 8428 Robin Band No. 2.
P., Jessie Dickie. |
| 8277 Tulip Band.
P., Mrs. Huff. | 8313 Star Band.
P., Miss Strong. | 8352 Whittier Band.
P., Mrs. Mary Nichols. | 8391 Lily Band.
P., Mrs. Fulch. | 8429 Busy Bees Band No. 2.
P., Cora B. Higgins. |
| 8278 Daisy Band.
P., Oscar Woods. | 8314 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Dewey. | 8353 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Willard Shelt. | 8392 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. Brenaman. | 8430 Canary Band No. 2.
P., Ida Duncan. |
| 8279 Buttercups Band.
P., M. Rowe. | 8315 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Mitchell. | 8354 Lincoln Band.
P., Effie Funk. | 8393 Tulip Band.
P., Mrs. Ward. | 8431 Helping Hand Band.
P., Emma Estes. |
| 8280 G. T. Angell Band.
P., J. E. Sedwick. | 8316 Holland Band.
P., Miss Kronk. | 8355 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Clara Rigg. | 8394 Violet Band.
P., John Urtzinger. | 8432 Bluebird Band No. 2.
P., Constance Fuller. |
| 8281 Baptist S. S.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Lillie Eckles. | 8317 Reformed S. S.
Rosebud Band.
P., Miss C. Rhine. | 8356 George Washington Band.
P., Mrs. J. C. Snuck. | 8395 Robin Band.
P., Mr. Emerdon. | 8433 Canary Band No. 3.
P., Jessie H. Wilson. |
| 8282 Never Fail Band.
P., Miss McCowan. | 8318 Lily Band.
P., Miss Albright. | 8357 Presbyterian S. S.
Rosebud Band.
P., Anna Rodgers. | 8396 Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Polis. | 8434 Golden Rod Band.
P., Kate Van Grieken. |
| 8283 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Townsend. | 8319 Rose Band.
P., Miss Stroup. | 8358 Lily Band.
P., Bertha Wilcox. | 8397 Redbird Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | 8435 Busy Workers Band.
P., Ella M. Pearce. |
| 8284 Orphans' Home.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary Bogle. | 8320 Tulip Band.
P., Anna Blough. | 8359 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. Bliss. | 8398 German Evangelical S. S.
Golden Rule Band.
P., J. K. Troyer. | 8436 Longfellow Band No. 2.
P., Ella Versting. |
| 8285 Bloomington, Ill.
P., Miss M. Vaughn. | 8321 Violet Band.
P., Harvey Pratt. | 8360 Violet Band.
P., Mrs. W. H. Barger. | 8399 Never Fail Band.
P., Will Paul. | 8437 Robert Burns Band.
P., Geo. Galloway. |
| 8286 Cincinnati, Ohio.
Try to Do Right Band.
P., Maurice Scanlan. | 8322 George Washington Band.
P., A. M. Landis. | 8361 Tulip Band.
P., Mrs. W. H. Mann. | 8400 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss E. Troyer. | 8438 George Washington Band.
P., Annie Campbell. |
| 8287 Long Island City, L. I.
Crusaders Band.
P., Mrs. S. E. Stimson. | 8323 Lincoln Band.
P., C. L. Landgraver. | 8362 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Anna Rohrig. | 8401 Hope Band.
P., J. Hoffman. | 8439 Lincoln Band No. 2.
P., Miss Dunnell. |
| 8288 New Haven, Conn.
Helping Hand Band.
P., Amelia Scobie. | 8324 Garfield Band.
P., C. Swank. | 8363 Verbena Band.
P., Julia Stitzel. | 8402 Williamsport, Pa.
Sympathy Band.
P., Eleanor Mahaffey. | 8440 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Stevens. |
| 8289 Hubrey, Ontario, Canada.
Lily Band.
P., Colin Munro. | 8325 Baptist S. S.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Miss Chandler. | 8364 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. A. Pope. | 8403 Faceville, Ga.
Chain of Dove Band.
P., H. W. Wooten. | 8441 Mayflower Band.
P., Viola Henderson. |
| | 8326 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Davis. | 8365 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. J. Oberholtzer. | 8404 Billerica, Mass.
P., Rev. E. O. Taylor. | 8442 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss Helwig. |
| | 8327 Lily Band.
P., Miss Hattie. | 8366 Golden Rule Band.
P., Gertie George. | 8405 Elkhart, Ind.
Dist. No. 5 Band.
P., Mary M. Brenman. | 8443 Rosebud Band No. 2.
P., Miss Solomon. |
| | 8328 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. Lindsey. | 8367 Geo. Washington Band.
P., G. B. Pratt. | | 8444 Busy Bees Band No. 3.
P., Miss Conklin. |
| | | | | 8445 I'll Try Band.
P., W. E. Berry. |
| | | | | 8446 Never Fail Band.
P., Maggie Eagn. |
| | | | | Catholic Schools. |
| | | | | 8447 Rose Band.
P., Sister Soretto. |
| | | | | 8448 Tulip Band.
P., Sister Cornelia. |
| | | | | 8449 Lily Band.
P., Thomas Conroy. |
| | | | | 8450 Violet Band.
P., Miss Cowley. |

OBITUARY.

The following touching obituary is sent us by the Rev. Dr. P., and relates to his own and family's loved friend:—

MR. EDITOR,—On reading the article in your last issue in regard to the death of the unfortunate dogs, I was reminded of an incident that has recently occurred, not far distant, of the demise of an exceedingly beautiful shepherd dog, who for some years had been the constant companion of a master who knew how to appreciate his unwavering fidelity. He joyously followed, when allowed, wherever business or pleasure called, and manifested his disappointment, when compelled to remain behind, by gravely lying before his master's portrait, if permitted, until his return.

His coat was remarkably handsome, both in color and quality; his head was finely formed; his eyes were like a gazelle's in their hue and softness, and conveyed all the affection of a creature whose instincts were of the highest order. Indeed, he exhibited his "blue blood" in every movement.

He was also remarkable for distinguishing an unusual sound, and gave the alarm whenever a tramp approached the dwelling, — *semper fidelis*, he guarded every portal.

One day, entirely contrary to his usual habit, he was found in the street playing with some dogs of low degree, and was by the authorities condemned to wear a muzzle for two months. Alas! how many before him have been the victims of unwise companionship.

Collie, for such was his name, could not bear this restraint. He was disgraced and mortified; his proud spirit was broken. He slunk away from sight, though constantly watching his beloved master. Recognizing his affection when caressed, he could not be persuaded to follow him. One night, pathetically looking up in his face, with accents mute he asked to go out of doors, and did not return. The next morning his lifeless body was found in a field opposite the house. He was missed and mourned by all the household, and was promptly buried near his old loved home. "Green be the turf above thee." Verdict: Died of a broken heart.

X.

SONG-SPARROW.

The first singing bird that comes to us in the spring is the song-sparrow.

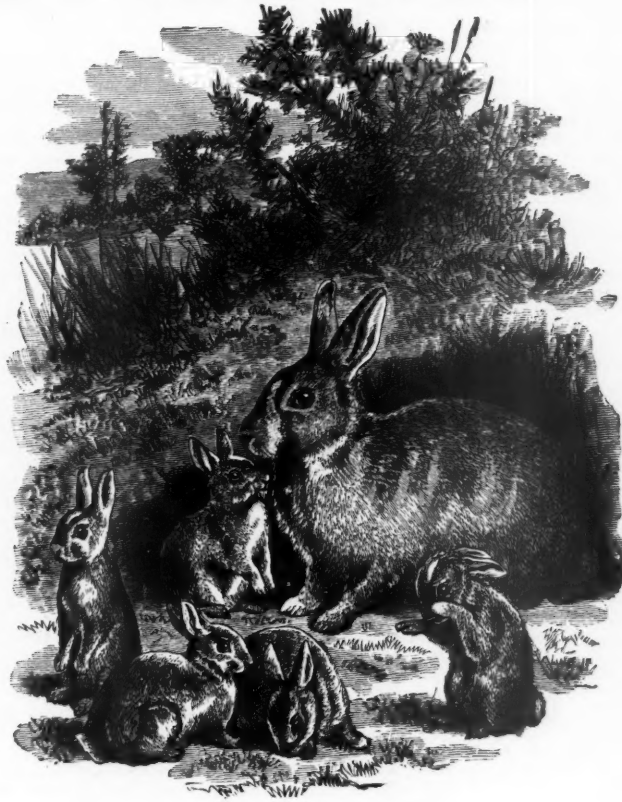
Even before the pewee and bluebird are heard among the bare branches, the pretty little song-sparrow twitters and chants with promises that the first warm days are not far off. Its song is very sweet, resembling the first part of the canary's song; but its notes are few and its chant very short. It is such a happy little creature, however, and so fond of singing, that it will hide itself in a bush or small tree and go over and over its short song, chanting for an hour at a time.

It sings sweetly in the spring, before other songsters have left their bright Southern homes, and through the summer and fall its voice is also occasionally heard, and even in the depth of winter you are sometimes filled with delight to hear the sweet song of this little sparrow trilling out over the frozen country.

American sparrows are not very numerous, and the song-sparrow is one of our more common and pleasing species. It is a graceful little creature about six and a half inches long. It builds its nest on the ground under a tuft of grass, and lays four or five eggs, raising two or three broods in a season.

In the month of November many of the song-sparrows go South, and in the great cypress swamps of the Southern States multitudes of the birds may be seen in winter, for such places as these seem to be the grand winter rendezvous of almost all our sparrows.

Many of the song-sparrows, however, remain with us all winter, hiding in close, low, sheltered meadows and swamps. They seem to love the borders of rivers, swamps, and other watery places, and when wounded and unable to fly will readily take to the water and swim with considerable rapidity.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

THE WHOLE STORY IN FEW WORDS.

It would probably be far within bounds to say that a thousand American newspapers have already published editorials and articles in praise of our "Black Beauty," but in none of them have we seen the facts more clearly stated than in the following, cut from "The Lowell Morning Times" of July 25th:—

"Unquestionably the book of the day is 'Black Beauty.' Every one reads it everywhere. On the trains it is the most popular of the newsboys' attractions; in railway stations it is sold by hundreds; newsdealers cannot keep sufficient copies on hand; children are delighted with it, and middle-aged people read it with unalloyed pleasure. The charm of the book is indescribable; it is written in the simplest style, but whoever reads the first chapter reads the last and all between, and then is ready to acknowledge the power of the book, even if incapable of analyzing it. The suggestions of the book are numerous and helpful; and one learns from it many lessons of patience and kindness. Mr. George T. Angell, president of the American Humane Education Society, says: 'I hope to live long enough to print and distribute a million copies;' and if the great popularity of the book continues, his hope will soon be fulfilled."

OF ALL THE GOOD WORK.

Of all the good work going on all over our land to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, and of suffering, maltreated animals, we know of none that is having a wider or more salutary influence than that of the "American Humane Education Society" and the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." — Delaware Farm and Home, Wilmington, June 19, 1890.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A FACT.

One evening during the month of August, at about eleven o'clock, the following transaction was witnessed by Mr. Otis Tyler, of Salem, Mass.: An intoxicated young man was passing down Essex Street, accompanied by his dog. A policeman took cognizance of his condition, but disliked to arrest him, thinking he would go quietly home; and, being personally acquainted with Mr. Tyler, asked him to look after this patron of the saloon. Turning into St. Peter's Street the young man lost his hat, and it fell, crown uppermost, on the pavement. He attempted to pick it up, but was unsuccessful, and only lurched into the middle of the street. Recovering himself he made a second attempt, which terminated in bringing him up against a neighboring building, still hatless. Then he gave up the attempt to recover his property, and proceeded bareheaded down St. Peter's Street. His dog, whose intelligent sympathy was worthy of a better object, attempted to pick up the hat by the crown, but could not close his jaws over its edge. Then he pushed the hat off the curbstone until he could take its rim into his mouth, when he picked it up and trotted on after his intoxicated master. By this time the latter had staggered against a building opposite the jail, where he remained in a leaning posture. His dog approached, and, squatting on his haunches directly before him, held up the hat as high as he could. The young man reached after it, but evidently feared to lean forward far enough to grasp the hat. At this juncture Mr. Tyler approached, assisted the young man to his hat, and saw him home in company with his dog.

A REMARKABLE CALF.

A backwoods preacher discoursed on the parable of the prodigal son, and in alluding to the fatted calf, which was killed when the prodigal returned, he said: "Brothers and sisters, you must remember that this was no ordinary calf, but on the contrary it was a very extraordinary calf, selected because it had neither spot nor blemish, and had been the pet of the household for many years."

PUSSY IN THE WITNESS BOX.

A valuable Newfoundland dog, named Major, having strayed from his owner's house, was claimed in all good faith by another gentleman, who recognized the dog as his own lost Newfoundland. Argument and persuasion failing, suit was brought to recover Major, and the case was regularly brought into court and came to trial about Christmas time before a judge and jury.

Witnesses testified that it was Major, and that it was not Major—the animal, meanwhile, going freely to either of his claimants, seeming quite indifferent as to which might finally secure him. A week was taken up with conflicting testimony, and neither judge nor jury were the wiser, or better prepared to render a decision.

At this point a woman living in the same house with Major's owner declared that her cat could settle the question, since the cat and Major were on terms of great friendship, eating and playing together, and sleeping on the same rug, while the cat was the sworn foe of all other canines, and had worsted many in fair fight.

Here was a solution by which all parties to the controversy were willing to abide, and a formal writ was accordingly issued in the name of the people of the State, commanding "all and singular, the owner or owners of a certain Maltese cat to produce the living body of the said animal before the Hon. So-and-so, a justice duly and legally commissioned by the people of the commonwealth aforesaid," at a given time and place duly specified in the writ, and "thereof to fail not at their own proper peril."

At the time appointed the momentous cat was duly produced before the honorable court. The record does not state whether Puss was duly sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," nor whether his owner was required to act as proxy for him in this respect.

However this may have been, he proceeded to vindicate his mistress' assertions, first with regard to his fighting qualities, for, on the introduction of some strange animals of the canine species, brought by direction of the dignified court, he dilated his tail to most majestic proportions, arched his back in monumental style and gave battle, to the satisfaction of the spectators if not to that of his adversaries, clearing the room in fine style and in an exceedingly brief space of time. Next Major was brought in, whereupon Pussy's warlike mood and demeanor were speedily changed to demonstrations of acquaintance and good fellowship, the animals recognizing each other to the satisfaction of all concerned, and immediately terminating by this conclusive evidence a suit which, except for the shrewd thought of a woman, might have dragged on interminably and led to rancor and strife. — *St. Nicholas of July.*

LIFE SAVED BY A DOG'S BARKING.

The inmates of the house of Mr. W. H. French, of Woodbridge, which was destroyed by fire Monday evening, have a dog to thank for their lives. The fire started in the carriage-barn or woodhouse, which are all connected with the farmhouse by an L, and by the time that the occupants were awakened to their danger, which was about one o'clock in the morning, all the buildings seemed to be enveloped in flames, and there was need of hurry to escape. The discovery was first made by Mr. French's daughter, a young lady about eighteen years of age, who was awakened by the vigorous barking and whines of the pet dog of a lady who was visiting them for the time. Miss French perceived in a moment from the actions of the animal that something was wrong, and then, hearing the crackling of the flames, knew what it all meant, and that prompt action was necessary. It was but the work of a moment for her to give the alarm to the rest of the household, consisting, besides herself, of Mr. and Mrs. French, a lady and her little child visiting them, and a hired man. The startling news was not given any too soon, but fortunately no lives were lost. Help came from the neighboring houses, but by this time the buildings were pretty well destroyed. — *New Haven (Conn.) Courier.*

ROSA BONHEUR; OR, HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

In a simple home in Paris, some fifty years ago, lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family, for they had four little mouths beside their own to feed. There were August, and Isadore, and Juliette, and, lastly, the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa.

Her mother, tired with hard work, died when Rosa was about eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa did not like to be shut up in a school-room, and spent most of the time playing in the woods, gathering daisies and marigolds.

So her father thought if she did not love school she must learn something useful, and tried to have her taught sewing, but she could not learn this, and became so sick at the sewing-school that she had to be taken away.

Finally, she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio, copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly awoke to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing. At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat. She found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter-pens of Paris, and sat on a bundle of hay with her colors about her, drawing and painting, while the butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

At home—where the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house Rosa made a little flower-garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting it graze on the grass outside, would bring it back to its garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two pictures to the fine art exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and encouraged her to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven her splendid picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English government. Her own government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his daughter. He was at once made the director of the government school of design for girls.

Orders for work now poured in upon her, more than she could do. Four years later, after long months of study, she painted "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold first to an Englishman for eight thousand dollars, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day, after she had become famous, the empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck, and kissed her. After a short call, the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that, as the empress had given the kiss, she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the cross of the Legion of Honor. This was the highest honor that the empress could bestow. — *Home and School Visitor.*

In the country: Landlord—"There are some fine springs in the neighborhood of this farmhouse."

City Guest—"Then I wish you would put a few of them in your beds."

JENNY LIND AND GRISI.

We have recently read a beautiful incident. Jenny Lind and Grisi were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a Court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind being the younger sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure, when suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She had not sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

PUSSY BRINGS LUCK TO SAILORMEN.

If there is anything in the popular superstition among sailors that "a cat brings good luck," the voyage of the British steamship "Thalia" will be a pleasant one. A fine, large Maltese cat went aboard the vessel the day before she sailed, and composedly curled up on the heavily upholstered crimson sofa in the officers' saloon, and when the vessel sailed she was a contented passenger.

"She is an old traveller," said the steward, as he stroked her soft fur, "and this is not her first voyage. Cats like a change, and they will visit first one vessel and then another in port until they find one that suits them; and they are a knowing animal, and seem to have some intuition when a vessel is going to sail. Do I think a cat brings luck? Oh, yes. It's good luck to have a cat come to you. Why, that's not a superstition of sailors alone. Did you ever see a land-lubber that did not believe it? That cat will have the best treatment on board; besides, there's no end to the rats on board, and the cat will be useful as well as lucky to us." — *Savannah News.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Tourgenieff, the Russian writer, says: I returned home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak, and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening, grinning mouth.

She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But, in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

"There is a stain of blood on every bonnet
That has a dead bird stretched upon it."

Will there be a song-bird left in the country another year? Look at the milliners' openings, and answer the question for yourselves. The slaughter of the song-birds is something appalling. They are killed, not by the hundred, nor by the thousand, but by the million. Millions of skins are sold every year to the millinery trade.

While feeding its young, each bird will destroy hundreds of insects every day; and all through the summer they are busily at work feeding upon the grubs and worms that devour the grain and fruit and foliage of trees. When famine comes upon the land, it will be no "mysterious dispensation of God." It will be the result of this fearful sacrifice of bird-life.

Every woman with a woman's heart in her breast should take a firm stand in this matter. She should say: "I will not wear the plumage; I blush to think I have ever done so." It may be too late already to save ourselves from the consequences of our sin, but at least we can leave such a supply of breasts and dead birds on hand that the few live birds remaining next season will not have to be murdered to satisfy the bloodthirsty demand of this cruel fashion.—*The Living Church.*

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton Street the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily-loaded cart to the spot desired and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not the least bit afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I got him down, along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it when a little girl about eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we are doing it."

The man stood up, and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
And Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And those of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.
The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all their partners,
And gayly fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.
Then, in the rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-seek" they played.
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

SQUIRREL CHATTER.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!
Good morning, sir!
If you wish to see me,
Come up in this tree.
I'm at home, as you see.
Here's my wife, sir! (she's shy;
Her name's Frisky; mine Spry.)
Now as I introduce
You, don't try any ruse;
Nor think of the stew
So nice we'd make you.
For, you see, we love life and liberty too.
Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!
Now we'd much prefer
That that wicked gun
You'd aim at the sun,
Though it may be less fun
Than this rare sport to you;
But now, honest and true,—
If a squirrel you were,
And I a hunter,
Do you think you'd enjoy
The gunning, my boy?
Would there be so much fun in a shot or decoy?
But I meant to remark,
With my chattering bark,
That my wife, sir, and I
Were most happily
Taking breakfast, up high
On this wide-spreading bough,
Where we're picnicking now,
When you happened this way
In your ramble to stray;
For we're up with the sun,
And have had a good run
Over fences and tree-tops for nuts, and for fun!
And we just sit up,—so!
(On our haunches, you know,)
And hold with each paw
A nut with no flaw;
Then through it we gnaw:
And we drink the sweet dew
That the sunlight shines through;
Now, don't talk to me
Of your coffee and tea,
Or nice mutton chops;
Our nerves have no hops;
And dyspepsia never our junketing stops.
Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!
You admire squirrel fur?
Yes, we think it's fine;
Can't well part with mine,
For it's just in my line!
If you aim with that gun,
Whisk! to this side I'll run!
Now just one word more:
Your Columbus sailed o'er
To this world in a ship.
We just take a chip,
And, spreading for a sail
A fine bushy tail,
We set out to sea.
Your Columbus was no better sailor than we.
—Mrs. A. Giddings Park, in *Young Idea*.

SING TE DEUMS.

BY A. ESKEL.

Sing *Te Deums*, valiant Army!
Sing *Te Deums* to the Saviour
For the grand and glorious conquest;
For the slaughter of the enemy!
Kill for power; kill to make our nation greater—
Great in lands and goods and armies!
Make the blood to flow like rivers!
What care we for mothers' mourning,
Sisters' tears and lovers parted?

Glory! glory! is our watchword,
Though mankind be smote asunder;
Though we maim and rend and cripple;
Though we overthrow the workshops,
Burn the cities, blight the harvests,—
Shall we not be great in story?

LONG LIFE.

Birds are, ordinarily, exceedingly long-lived. The swan, it is asserted by means of unquestionable records, has been known to exist three hundred years. A sea eagle, captured in 1715, then already several years of age, died a hundred and four years afterwards, in 1819; and a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, having passed a hundred and eighteen years in captivity. Numerous ravens and parrots have been known to live a hundred years and over. As with most birds, magpies live many years in a state of freedom, but do not reach over twenty or twenty-five in captivity. Caged canary birds live from twelve to fifteen years; but those flying at liberty, in their native land, reach a far more advanced age.

GOLDEN-ROD.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

BRYANT.



THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

A SMALL ANIMAL WHICH IS RARELY SEEN BY CITY FOLKS.

Among the small animals which are quite a rare sight to city folks, although familiar enough in the country, is the cunning little flying squirrel. This is really a wonderful creature, and seems to be a sort of compromise between a bird and an animal. It is about five inches long as to its body, which is black and gray, and white beneath, and carries a bushy tail about five inches in length, having a peculiar construction, which assists in its flight from tree to tree; but the main apparatus used in flying—or, in reality, leaping—is a loose membrane connected to the front and hind legs on each side, which the squirrel has the power to expand at will, thus increasing the surface presented against the air.

When they desire to go from one tree to another they first ascend to the topmost branch and boldly leap off into space. Then it is that their kite-like appendages make themselves useful. They spread out, and the little animal, guiding itself by the tail, takes a downward, circular flight toward another tree. When it arrives within six or eight feet of its intended landing-place it changes its position so as to light upon its feet against the tree, when the membranes become greatly reduced and are not at all in the way.

They live in decayed trees, where, if not disturbed, they become quite numerous. They are difficult to catch, and bite viciously when captured; but they are easily domesticated and make admirable pets, and soon become an unfailing source of amusement to the children. They live upon nuts, acorns, and insects. —*Golden Days.*

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in August.

Whole number dealt with, 265; prosecuted, 12. Animals taken from work, 26; horses and other animals killed, 36.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in August.

Fines and witness' fees, \$87.60.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Friends in Second Church, Dorchester, \$12.00; Miss A. R. Palfrey, \$2.30; Master R. S. Russell, \$1.50; B. F. Steele, \$1.25; Master Gilbert Gleason, \$0.20.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Arthur Reed, Henry W. Miller, Miss M. Harrington, Dr. W. H. A. Young.

THREE DOLLARS EACH.

J. W. Tyler, W. H. Faubus, Henry W. Whittier.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Rev. Geo. H. Griffin, W. C. Bemis, L. C. Smith, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mary Robinson.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. H. E. Blake, Francis E. Blake, Herbert C. Sumner, P. Bonvouloir, W. R. Mayo, D. Monteith, A. L. Williams & Co., J. C. Wright & Co., A. B. Sherman, Wm. Gray, E. Sprague & Co., W. A. Cogswell, H. A. Willis, Jas. McTaggart, H. M. Francis, Wm. A. Hardy, Geo. Bliss, M. Dickson, C. H. Churchill, Miss A. Stebbins, Mrs. S. J. Gordon, J. E. McIntire, E. E. Childs, A. T. Folsom, E. A. Blodgett, Edw. L. Parker.

Total, \$82.25.

American Humane Education Society, for literature and sundries, \$215.33.

SUBSCRIBERS.

News Agencies, \$19.03; Dr. Geo. Faulkner, \$12.50; Emma M. and J. A. Glidden, \$5; Miss A. R. Palfrey, \$2.70; Mrs. C. Hauch, \$2.50; Mrs. R. T. Paine, \$2; Mrs. Sophia L. Little, \$2; Mrs. H. C. Moore, \$2; Berta Leighton, \$1.80; Mary L. Cook, \$1.50; Harriet A. Fletcher, \$1.50; J. H. Damarais, \$0.75.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Sam. M. Weld, Mrs. J. F. O'Shaughnessy, F. B. Graham, Leander Smith, Rogers Free Library, Mrs. M. H. Taylor, Dr. M. Merryman, F. A. Richardson.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

S. E. Partridge, Mrs. S. E. Merwin, Lena L. Johnson, Mrs. L. Westcott, F. S. Hewitt, Mrs. D. L. Cushing, O. D. Davidson, Emily S. Moe, Susan Travers, W. H. R. Wright, A. B. Phelps, Mrs. W. S. Thomas, M. E. Almy, Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, E. A. Clemens, Mrs. G. Wendell, Jno. A. Dalziel, Fred. Busse, Ernest McCandish, Reading Room Townsend, F. H. Bradburn, Miss L. A. Hatch, A. Dunkerly, G. M. DuBois, Sam. D. Hastings, H. S. Sheldon, P. Barch, E. T. Horton, E. C. Cole, S. C. Cornell, Dora Parker, Mrs. C. P. Tarbell, Miss Palfrey, R. P. Schelling, Miss H. L. Joy, Mrs. E. A. Robinson, Mrs. T. B. Moffatt, Mrs. H. W. P. Colson, Ky. Humane Society, Mrs. J. P. Jones, Miss C. Fish, Prof. Robt. Allyn, Lucy A. Hudson, H. Spaulding, Miss K. A. Karll, Charlie Renna, Oscar, H. P. Frye, J. P. Aberdeen, Wm. Pye, Allen & Co., Miss H. Frankenstein, M. A. Holmes, Wm. Williams, Josephine Redding, Edna L. Ferrin, J. L. Skinner, Florrie Nolan, Thos. G. Ellis, S. Farnsworth, A. E. Horton, Mrs. Dr. Geo. Jewett, Rev. P. Weber, Casey Patnode, A. C. Brooks, H. H. Herbert, J. L. L. Fancuf, J. E. Walsh, Clement Collette, J. H. Foulds, S. P. Ensign.

Total, \$96.28.

OTHER SUMS.

Publications sold, \$33.26.
Ambulance, \$20.
Total, \$54.72.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society, August 20 to September 17, 1890.

Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, \$100; Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe, \$50; Mrs. J. C. Fuller, \$10; Mrs. B. F. Tryon, \$5; Mrs. Edwin Parsons, \$5; Mary Isabella Banks, \$5; Birthday, \$3.50; Miss Grace S. Rice, \$5; Mrs. H. W. Chapman, \$5; C. L. Doll, \$5.

Receipts from Sales "Black Beauty."

New England News Co., \$211.17; Amy Woodward, \$30; Mrs. B. Douglass, Jr., \$15; E. L. M., \$5; Chas. A. Mitchell, \$10; Florence E. Gove, \$11.03; Jacob G. Beck, \$20; Francis A. Crook, \$6; Syndicate Trading Co., \$3.40; W. G. Corbhall, \$6; Mrs. Amy E. Harris, \$10.80; Rev. W. T. Langford, \$10; Miss Heloise Meyer, \$7.30; E. B. Cummings, \$6; G. A. Pierce, \$7.30; Mrs. E. J. Gray, \$7.50; Dutton & Partridge, \$10; Lee & Shepard, \$6.60; D. E. Goodman, \$12; Crawford &

**CATTLE TRANSPORTATION.**

Brother, \$6.00; Estes & Lauriat, \$12.50; H. M. Arnold, \$6; Humane Society, Washington, \$18.65; H. O. Houghton & Co., \$14.08; all others in sums of less than five dollars each, \$362.82.

COMPOSITION EXERCISE.

Make a story from the following outline: — A man driving his horse and cart—horse drawing a heavy load—did not turn as the man wished—man beat him—horse reared and plunged—would not go the right way—the man grew angry and beat him more—another man stepped forward—patted the horse on the neck—and spoke to him kindly—the horse turned—looked as if he would thank the man—bent his broad chest to the load—walked on briskly—a kind word is strong, and costs little.—*Midland School Journal.*

IT WAS A BOSTON KITTEN.

The "Journal's" item regarding a shepherd dog who was saved from a dry well by clinging with his teeth to a rope lowered to him leads a correspondent to send the following story: A kitten had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of the large sub-treasury apartment in the post-office building of this city, and had been incarcerated five days without food or water. The flue referred to is forty feet in depth, from the ceiling level of the apartment. Notice of the kitten's misfortune was brought to Architect Bryant late of a Saturday afternoon. The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard, and Mr. Bryant's first impulse was to cut in through the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located; but a suggestion being made that perhaps the prisoner, in its desperation, might seize the end of a line weighted and of a bulky shape at its lower end, this experiment was tried. Strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws, when it was very carefully and slowly drawn safely up the entire height of forty feet, and safely delivered. No Southern razor-back pig was ever thinner than this liberated little kitten; yet, with warm milk administered at intervals, restoration soon took place.—*Boston Journal.*

[We are glad to say that Mr. G. J. F. Bryant, above referred to, is an esteemed director of our Mass. Society P. C. A.—EDITOR.]

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Bulletin of the Russian Society P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.
Cimbria. Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.
Friend of Man and Animals. Dresden, Germany.
German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal of United Societies P. A. Cologne, Germany.
Universal Journal for Protection of Animals. Darmstadt, Germany.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Bremen, Germany. From the Coast and the Sea: Organ of the German Society for the Rescue of Mariners. Second vol.
Brussels, Belgium. Report of the Special Commission of Inquiry on Vivisection, by the Royal S. P. A. July, 1890.
Hanover, Germany. Yearly Report of the Hanover and Linden S. P. A., for 1889.

**THE DRUNKARD'S HORSE.****PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.**

The following other publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell. Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents, post paid.
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by George T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
Care of Horses,45 "
Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell,1.10 "
Protection of Animals, by Geo. T. Angell,1.50 "
Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T. Angell,50 "
The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell,60 "
Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell,1.00 "
How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr. D. D. Slade,1.00 "
Selections from Longfellow,3.00 "
Service of Mercy, selections from Scripture, etc.,65 "
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Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or 2.00 "
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Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one asking.

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